



The Ram and Ewe

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PaSu Farm

Before it is too late. Part One of the Pasu trilogy.

Starting a business, when you have a learned or inherited trade in familiar territory, is always taking a chance. They say most small businesses do not last longer than five years. However, starting a business when you have never attempted a certain field of work, and in unfamiliar territory, is sheer lunacy at its absolute monumental peak. Sue trained as a pharmacist and I studied commerce to fulfill my ambition of becoming a marketing executive. There was this fantasy of sitting in an office and discussing the strategies of product introduction into the market and developing new tools to thwart your competitors. Naturally, the job would require business lunches, client development and a modicum of pompousness of which I am very good at. The pompousness I mean.

The dream included a home in a secluded suburb with Sue as the quintessential matriarch directing nannies to their tasks and taking pride in preparing a meal for her adoring and successful husband who might phone at the last minute to inform her that he will be bringing a client home for supper.

Well, it started off all right. We did have a nice home in Somerset West and all of the above were actually happening when disaster struck. For those of you who remember, "Fiddler On The Roof," there is a part where Rep Tevia wants to convince his wife to let one of their daughters marry the local tailor. Not a very exciting match proposal, but he knew she was in love. So, in the middle of the night he pretends to wake up in a terrible state, professing that he just had a visitation from his dead mother-in-law where she terrifies him into promising that he will not compromise the match between daughter and tailor. His scream awakens his wife, who is shocked and equally terrified and acquiesces to the match.

Just imagine you are comfortably sleeping

when suddenly you literally levitate to the sound of an insane and demented scream. As you hit the bed, eyes open wide as saucers, you see your wife pointing at the window with a trembling hand. Stark naked, terrified and pumped full of adrenaline I leapt out of bed, grabbed my knobkerrie (Zulu war-club) and made a dash for the window. Nothing! Just Sue yelling that she saw a hand come through the window.

I am not saying that Sue made up the story, or that there was any similarity to Fiddler On The Roof, but the stage was set for discussions regarding immigration to Canada. Leaving everything that you grew up with, family, friends, culture and the land itself is really one of the hardest trials we ever faced. When you say goodbye and board that plane the awareness that there are no safety nets on the other side is a sobering realization. Probably the only reason we did board Lufthansa flight 378 on the 15th March 1977 was there was no time to reason whilst trying to manage three overexcited and energized children who were hell-bent on running every which-way, bumping into passengers and alerting seasoned travelers that this was not going to be a peaceful flight.

Sue and I had traveled from Toronto to Salt Spring Island and back to Quebec City by Greyhound bus to acquaint ourselves with the country and its people before immigrating. This trip hardly prepared us for the large cultural adjustment we were to make. Although we spoke English, we sounded different and words had vastly different meanings. For example the fuss created when I asked the lady office manager for a rubber was very confusing and a little over the top. I now call it an eraser. I swear to God I did not mean to knock-up my secretary on the squash court. After trying to explain that knock-up meant warm-up, (an explanation I don't think she really believed), we settled down to a game

that I easily won as she warily eyed me more than she did the ball. In retrospect I think I should have used a different word than “warm-up”. Maybe ‘loosen-up?’

In December 1980 we purchased a parcel of land that is now PaSu Farm. The reason for doing this was twofold. First, it was to escape our neighbours in the town of Carstairs. It was bad enough that they would stand on their back decks and talk to each other right across our back yard (my air space), but we also had to put up with one of the most obnoxious woman of all time. It was her yelling, which was much worse than the incessant barking of her little dog that did it. If I was going to stay in Canada I would have to find a more congenial and suitable way of living.

The second reason was based on the romantic notion of living on a farm and raising my family on healthy food and a country lifestyle. For two adults, whose only experience with farms came from the odd visits we had as kids to some of our friends who were farmers, this was an absurd notion and one that should have led to disaster. To this day we are still teeter tottering on the edge of catastrophe wondering what the hell we did to ourselves. Did we jump out of the frying pan and into the fire?

To be fair, one really has to have a push to leave the safety of a regular pay cheque and Pierre Trudeau provided that impetus with his National Energy Policy. I had been employed as the CEO of an innovative plastics research company funded by a junior oil company. One day I had a job and the next day I dressed in bibbed farm overalls, grabbed my pitchfork and went to work. The pay was awful and definitely not regular. By this time we had about 100 sheep which barely covered feed and veterinary expenses. It’s funny how the banks are reluctant to lend you money when you don’t have any. As far as we were concerned the only way to make this into a viable operation was to increase the flock and watch all expense. We managed to convince the agricultural officer in charge of sheep in Alberta to secure a loan with some money lending institution and we increased the flock to just fewer than 400 sheep.

Now, 400 sheep is a daunting amount for the able-bodied seasoned farmer who is well equipped with simple things such as tractors with a fron-



Victorian Christmas Dinners

Sat. 30th Nov.

Fri. 6th, 13th, 20th Dec. and Sat. 21

5.30pm Cocktails 6.45pm Dinner

Once again we will be presenting our elegant eight course, plate service, English Victorian Christmas Dinner. The entrée will be a choice between Roast leg of Lamb and Prime Rib. To create a warm hospitable atmosphere our staff will be dressed in Victorian garb, candles and crackers will be placed on the table and the plum pudding will be flamed for all to see.

\$85per person. Service included in price.

Gst not included

Reservations and Tickets **ESSENTIAL**



Ladies Night

An entertaining evening.

Fabulous Buffet. Fashion show

Guest Speaker

Chantal Karington

On the new science of

BODY TALK

SATURDAY Nov. 9th

Cocktails from 5.30 pm Dinner at 6.30pm

\$39.50 (Includes Service, not GST)

Reservations essential

Let us do your PRIVATE FUNCTION OR CHRISTMAS PARTY

PaSu can customize a special menu and include entertainment of your choice. We would be glad to discuss your needs. For your convenience we offer out of house catering.

frontend loader. My Tractor was a wheelbarrow with a pitch fork. We called it the Armstrong. It was cheap on fuel and lubrication and most mornings, even in the dead of winter it would start with a groan and the occasional backfiring. The actual loader part was not very big so it had to take many trips to clear the barn and it would often just power out.

Something had to change. The branch manager at our Bank at that time was the son of a German immigrant to Argentina who had gone there in 1945 for a change of political climate. This bank manager all but clicked his heels and restrained himself the grand salute. Trust me, he was so intimidating and arrogant that he had us terrified. Had he actually saluted we would have leaped up, clicked our heels and returned the salute lest he changed his mind and pulled our loan. The periodic visit to the bank became a nightmare ordeal that still haunts us from time to time. One day he was not there. A pleasant charming man greeted from behind his desk and introduced himself as the new bank manager. He actually asked us how he could best help us. I shall never forget the look Sue and I gave each other, "Is he for real?"

To be continued.....

Restaurant News

PaSu Buffet

WHERE FRIENDS AND FAMILY MEET
FOR A SCRUMPTIOUS FEAST

Roast lamb, Beef and Chicken served with
hot vegetables and truffle gravy
4 fresh salads

Soup and our own Artisan Bread
Assorted Pickles and Cheeses
Gourmet Pate

Four original homemade Desserts
Price \$29.50 per person

Children under 10 half-price. Two and under
free

Sunday seating from 12 to 1pm
Reservations essential

Or

Afternoon Tea starting at 2.30

Try PaSu Scones with Devon Cream a bowl
of fresh cut fruit and world class loose leaf
teas. Scones are baked to order.

CHRISTMAS PARTY, FUN AND EXCELLENT DINNER

NEW

LOWTHER

PRESENTS

A MEDIEVEL EVENING

Enjoyable, entertaining
and loads of good fun.

7th and 14 th DEC.

RESERVATIONS
AND TICKETS ESSENTIAL

Tickets are \$70.00

Includes Gratuities on Meal and Show.

Gst not included

Advance booking and ticket purchase essential.

Cocktails from 5.30pm

Dinner served at 6.30pm

FOR RESERVATIONS

PHONE 403-337-2800

SORRY NO E-MAIL RESERVATIONS

DON'T FORGET.

You can order on line or by phone. Yes,
you can order by phone or on line and
we will ship. Orders over \$200 FREE
SHIPPING to one destination only.
Check our online catalogue.



www.pasu.com

Phone

403 337 2800

Christmas Shopping

EXTRA SHOPPING HOURS

For your convenience we will be open in
December on the following Mondays
2nd, 9th, 16th and 23rd.
for shopping 11 to 4pm

ALSO

We are open Friday and Saturday nights in
December before Christmas

OTHER LOCATIONS

As usual we will be at

Spruce Meadows Christmas Market

Last three weekends in November

Nov, 15, 16 and 17

Nov, 22, 23, and 24

Nov 29,30, and Dec 1

Kingsland Farmers Market

Tel.# 403 252 8300

South of Chinook Centre, at 78th Ave. which
is North of Heritage drive on McLeod Trail on
the West side.

**THIS WILL BE OUR YEAR ROUND LOCA-
TION IN CALGARY MAKING IT EASIER
FOR EXCHANGES & PICK-UPS.**

**Parking is easy and free and there
are lots of other wonderful attrac-
tions without the hype of Malls.**

And of course

CHRISTMAS TRADITION AT PaSu Farm

Years ago, before we had a shop,
we used to have an OPEN HOUSE at
the farm on the weekends in December.
This tradition still continues and we of-
fer FREE Christmas cake and hot cider
in the boutique only. Let us take the
stress out of your shopping by pamper-
ing you in a relaxed environment far
from the maddening crowd.

HOT OFF THE PRESS

We are madly unpacking our Fall/
Winter collection of products. It is like
Christmas with the CanPar and UPS
trucks delivering boxes and boxes of
new and exciting merchandise. The as-
sortment is eclectic, thrilling, unique and
affordable.

Our line of sheepskin coats are fashion-
able and gorgeous. We have sweaters
and cardigans from all over the world
that will not only make you feel good but
keep you warm and toasty. You can
match these with toques with woolen or
sheepskin gloves. How about warm
mitts, wool socks, soft slippers or a smart
alpaca sweater for men? Our customers
are really special and come from all age
groups and genders.

Stumped what to buy for your wife? Ask
our team. Or better yet, buy a gift certifi-
cate and make life simple and enjoyable
while you enjoy our hospitality. Shop
where you are treated like a VIP.

NEW AND EXCITING

We now have a brand new display freezer
loaded with delicious and nutritional foods
ready to heat and eat. We cook responsibly and
check for additives, preservatives and GMO
foods. Our meals are packed in single or dou-
ble portions and geared towards elderly cou-
ples, single people who neglect to cook whole-
some meals and for those who have a busy life-
style.

LOVING FOOD TO GO

Let us do your
**PRIVATE FUNCTION
OR
WEDDING**